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What we must do



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Chapter 1 by Milkythesquid

We are strong people, my family and I. We endured many brutal winters in our secluded wooden cabin in Ontario. My husband died a year ago and my two children, Hattie and Bruceman are my world. I still hate my husband for naming Bruceman, but he ensured me it would make the boy tough, like in Cash's "A boy Named Sue". Whatever, he was gone and it was my way of remembering him, the name stuck. We were gathered by the wood stove, drinking cocoa and playing Monopoly when the rapping on the door shattered a silent moment. At first I thought it must be a branch, we live so far from anybody and I heard no vehicles, snowmobile or others approach. The kids looked up, wide eyed and confused. I rose and walked over and called out "Is someone there?" and was met with a faint voice saying "Please let me in". After a moment of hesitation I realized if anyone had walked here, they were in serious need of help, so I opened the door. Before me was a short man with a prison jumpsuit on, covered with blood and pale as the snow outside. "Bruceman, take your sister to your room" I shouted and helped the wobbling man in just as his knees buckled. "What a.. stupid name" the short man wheezed before hitting the ground unconscious.

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